

The
HOPKINS ARMS



March, 1931

PALMAM QUI
MERUIT FERAT

THE HOPKINS ARMS

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THE HOPKINS ARMS

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Editorials

DAY dreams! Of what are they made—these illusions which so often possess us? Yet can one call them illusions? For do not the dreams and imaginings of today materialize, and become the realities of tomorrow? How many objects used so commonly by us today were once the substance of a day dream! It is difficult for us to imagine an age without automobiles, all our modern devices and electricity. Yet such an age did exist in our own country not many years ago.

Our modern cities with their towering skyscrapers! Have you ever pictured to yourself the architect of these massive structures? I have. Seated in a comfortable arm chair, leisurely smoking a pipe, he looks too commonplace to be the famous man he is! Yet it is in this moment of relaxation and dream-

ing, that he receives his inspiration. It is in the smoke that he sees his buildings loom.

If our ancestors of sixty years ago could return! What a change! Our cities of today are far beyond the wildest dreams of the pioneer. It is his descendants who have modernized the cities. But it was he, who dreaming of a settlement of his own in distant lands, braved dangers and hardships that he might realize his dream.

Yet all dreams are not of this serious nature. They are not dreams of goals to be attained. They are just beautiful will-o-the-wisp fanciful things carrying us off to a land where everything but joy and happiness is foreign. But whether they be dreams of a serious nature, or dreams of a light vein day dreams are worth having!

ATHLETICS and sportsmanship! How closely these two are associated with one another. There is nothing, I believe, in which fair play and sportsmanship are more marked, than in athletics. Athletics and life may be easily compared. To be able to take without grumbling the decision of the referee, even when that decision seems quite raw, is similar to taking the hardships of life without murmur or protest. Losing a hard fought game without an alibi is the acid test which few can pass! Going into a game in the last half, with all odds against you, with the score of your opponents several points ahead is like fighting against overwhelming odds, which appear impossible to overcome. That is why I believe an athlete should be able to stand on his feet and meet life's problems squarely without murmur. For the fine sense of sportsmanship and fair play acquired by anyone who participates in athletics enables him to be a more worthy participant in the greater more difficult game of life!

EVER since Old Man Winter left his icy, northern home to pay us his annual visit, we have been enjoying the gifts that he has brought with him. Old Man Winter brings the ice, snow, and cold weather, but the en-

joyment we receive is due only to the way in which we use these gifts for sleighing, skiing, sliding, and skating. Palm Beach with its balmy breezes and sunny skies may appeal to some, but to many of us, winter would not be complete without its snow and ice. Although we may sometimes wish that spring would come, yet as we shiver, we also laugh as we indulge in the sports that only a truly northern winter can offer us.

I AM certain that you have heard people say, "He cheated in a test." This means that one person pounds into his brain some lesson until he is sure it will stay there. The other person glances at his book and then says, "Oh John's my friend; he'll help me." The latter who depends on his friends does himself no real good, and if he keeps doing this, he will soon become a human parasite. There will come a time when you will have to take examinations, then you will have to be independent. And if you are independent you never will be a loser. So train your brain to think fast and easily while you're young, then in your future years you will have nothing to regret.

Marion Bak '32.

Exchanges

The Record—North High, Worcester. You have an interesting variety of material for your literary department. We think your poems are great.

M. H. S. Oracle—Manchester, N. H. We like your idea of dividing your literary department into sub-topics. Your many clubs sound interesting.

Purple and White—Smith Academy, Hatfield. Congratulations upon your newly organized school paper. Keep it up.

The Exponent—Greenfield, Mass. We like

your paper. You have many varieties of novelties, fine editorials and interesting school news.

The Signboard—Bay Path Institute. You have a good Alumni section.

The Spotlight—South Hadley. We think that *Who's Who in S. H. H. S.* is a good idea. Your riddles are something different. We like them.

Blue and White Banner—Putnam, Conn. You have some great story writers. We enjoyed the Christmas stories and editorials in your December issue, especially.



PASSING EXAMINATIONS

"ALL gentlemen taking math examinations must rely on their own integrity to pass examinations," said our instructor.

All this had taken place in one of the classrooms of Harvard University. Like the other thousand youths I had arrived at college to pass entrance examinations.

The crisis of my life was at hand. My success depended on the overcoming of the "math" examination. In French and English I had barely passed while the outcome of Latin and History was not known. If I passed this examination I would be a full-fledged freshman at one of America's leading colleges.

I recalled all the hard studying I had done at the preparatory school.

For the honor of my parents and my school I was obliged to pass. If I failed I would not dare show myself to my friends.

As I looked over the examination I realized that only with the help of Providence, could I succeed. Three of the problems were easy as they did not involve much principle. The fourth I completed only after considerable thinking. On my life I could not do the rest as I could not recall the formula. I finally recalled one rule and finished the fifth problem.

Only one more problem remained between success and failure. I realized that I was a failure and that my future career was gone forever. All my former work was futile.

Most of the students were handing in their papers, some were pleased and others very

gloomy. I noticed one student's eyes grow misty and his hands tremble.

I looked at the student at the right and saw that he was finishing his work. I accidentally gazed at his paper and saw in his large, clear writing the formula for the one example that I needed. I quickly applied the rule to my own use in completing the sixth problem. I knew that I was cheating but at that moment it seemed as if I would have stopped at nothing. I passed my paper in to the instructor trusting to Providence that my guilt had not been seen.

In bed that night my conscience annoyed me.

One voice condemned me saying, "You are a cheater. The college does not want such men as you."

The other said, "He did it to save his reputation."

The first voice replied, "O, only a four-flusher would do that."

I resolved to make a clear breast of my crime the next morning as my conscience would not let me sleep.

"I have disobeyed the most important rule of mankind," I confessed to Professor Howard. I have copied from my neighbor, the formula for the necessary problem enabling me to enter college. I have been a traitor to this school from the start."

"Please explain yourself," were his kind words.

I told him my story from the beginning to end, of my great hope of entering college and of having a brilliant career.

"Son, even though you have cheated in

classroom you have owned up," he replied. "Your honesty now makes up for everything. I am willing to forget it. Such men as you are needed to strengthen this school. You have passed the examination not on your work but on your honesty now."

Charles Kulikowski '31.

SATAN AND THE TREE SITTER

I GLANCED hastily over the mail until I came to a cream-colored envelope. This I tore open and found the following:
Dear Joan:

I was more than glad to receive your letter. You'll pardon me for not answering it sooner, won't you? We've been busy getting ready and settled for our vacation. We have rented a cottage near Atlantic View Beach. I like the ocean and wish you were here.

You wrote that you wished you could go to the beach this summer. You can come and stay with us. I asked my parents and they invite you also. As for Peter, he hasn't anything to say about it as he is to sit in a tree. When packing put in plenty of sport clothes. Please telegraph when you're coming, and I will meet you at the station. Won't it be great to spend our vacation together?

Best regards from,

Your friend,

Helen Heale

I re-read the letter. I had never seen Helen Heale, although we exchanged photo's and had corresponded for a long time. Helen's father and mine had been and are close friends. We are both sixteen and are Juniors in High School. Helen is a blonde and has gray eyes, mine are blue and I'm a brunette.

In the evening I asked my parents if I could go. My mother was doubtful at first, but my father assured her that I'd be safe at the Heale's.

I left on Monday. When I arrived at my destination, I looked around for Helen. There were many people and I was confused. I decided to question someone. I chose a young woman. She gave me a sharp glance and said, "What do you think I am, the information bureau?"

I gave her a disgusted look and went into the waiting room. I wished I had never come. If no one came for me I'd go back on the next train.

I was looking at a magazine when I heard a voice say, "I'll bet a dollar that's her."

I looked up and saw a woman holding a picture, and a young man pointing at me, come toward me.

"Are you Joan St. Ives?" asked the woman.

"Yes," I answered.

"I'm Mrs. Heale and this is Peter. Helen had a tooth pulled the other day and as her jaw is still painful, she asked us to meet you."

"We were a little late and have hunted everywhere for you," Peter added.

Seeing me hesitate she handed me a note from Helen. Thinking that my photo and note proved their identity, I went with them.

Helen was very glad to see me. Her mouth was much better, so we talked.

The cottage was cream with shell pink trimmings, or rather it was painted like that. It was so pretty, I decided to have one like that some day. There was a small kitchen, a good sized combination dining and living room, three bedrooms, bathroom, and porch. The scenery was wonderful. I was sure I'd enjoy staying there. That night I fell asleep to the lullabye of the waves.

Tuesday morning after breakfast Helen and I sat down to have a good talk.

"Peter is going to try to be a champion tree sitter. The one that stays up the longest without coming down will get a boat for a prize. He isn't so crazy about the tree-sitting as he is about the boat," Helen said.

"I don't see why he wants to ruin his vacation," I added.

"He seems to think the boat is worth it. In fact he's looking for a suitable tree right now."

"Aren't you going to try to stop him?" I asked.

"Certainly I am and I want your help."

We sat talking, determined not to let it ruin our vacation.

Then we sent the following telegram to my brother.

Dear Joe, Come immediately. Need help. Keep secret. Joan.

We shopped for a while and then went home.

In the afternoon we went swimming. The waves were great.

Wednesday, we motored to the harbor, and went sailing on a yacht of one of Peter's college classmates. I had never been on one before. We enjoyed that very much, although I'll admit I had a tendency to think that we might sail into heaven when we got to the end

of the horizon. But I am sorry to say we didn't.

Thursday we went over to fix the tree which Peter had chosen. It was a large maple near a few pine trees. We praised his choice. After a while I said, "Peter, will you please show me the queer flower you told me about last night?"

"Certainly Joan, it's behind those bushes," Peter answered.

In the meantime Helen fixed a seat with boards in one of the thickest pine trees. When we came back Peter said, "I am not coming down until I win. If I do sooner I'll drop out. Now don't any of you die or you'll have to leave me money enough for a boat." We laughed and left him.

When we arrived home we practiced whoring until Mrs. Heale came and asked us what was the matter. That night when it was quite dark, Helen and I sneaked into the pine tree Helen had prepared. This was easy as things were falling off Peter's tree, and we saw a white form, now lower, now higher, and a queer noise like a baby fire engine. Finally we saw an animal climb down and disappear. Soon everything was quiet again. "Ready set go!" whispered Helen.

Then eerie whoo-whoo's broke the stillness at intervals for about fifteen minutes.

In the meantime Peter's growl and, "Wait till tomorrow you owls, and I'll get a shot gun and shoot you to smithereens."

"Whoo-Whoo-o-o" came from the tree.

After everything was quiet for about fifteen minutes, and the moon was behind a cloud, two shadows slid from the pine tree and hurried home.

On Friday at half past nine, Helen and I went to see Peter.

After the greetings Peter told us about the night. "First there's a soft, slippery thing with a tail which kept squeaking like a baby amateur fire engine. Then when I was almost asleep, a pair of owls had to wake me up, and kept screeching.

"The first must have been Plutarch, Mrs. Arden's Persian cat. He likes to sleep in trees. We must bring you some salt pork as it is said he hates the very smell of it," said Helen.

"While you are about it bring me a shot gun so that I can shoot those owls," said Peter.

My brother Joe came early that afternoon. We explained the situation to him.

"Today is the thirteenth of July. Let's have a ghost visit Peter," said Joe to us.

We went in and planned everything carefully. That night was quite dark. At eleven we left the house. Helen went up the pine tree with a suitcase-like phonograph and I with a record.

At exactly twelve weird music was in the air. A light appeared and came nearer. As it came nearer we saw that it wasn't a flashlight, but sparks all around a head and shoulders. Horns were sticking out of the head, and there was a tail in back. Shivers went up and down our spines. It was Satan. He was making queer motions and keeping time with the music. Slowly he disappeared and the music faded away.

Then we heard a thud from Peter's tree and we knew Peter's curiosity had gotten the best of him. We slid down and went home.

At about 3 o'clock we heard a pounding at the door. Mr. Heale got up and shortly we heard Peter's voice. We dressed and went out. Peter was trying to convince his father that he was telling the truth.

"I'm sure I wasn't dreaming I was as wide awake as I am now. It was Satan. Although I hunted everywhere with my flashlight I couldn't find a sign of him afterward. I am not superstitious, but those owls had a reason for warning me," Peter explained.

Saturday morning Helen and I went to meet my brother Joe, who was coming to spend the week-end at the beach. Joe was anxiously waiting for us. "Did it work?" asked Joe.

"Yes. You made a good one, we owe our success to you. I can never thank you enough," Helen answered.

"Yes but what you did Thursday night helped. "Of course I couldn't have played that record myself. You did well to make it fade away."

"Now for our vacation," we all exclaimed in unison.

Janina Czarkowski '32.

BASKETBALL CAKE

"LET me see, I need two cups of flour." That was to be found in the pantry. I went in, got the flour, pivoted around, and came back. It was my custom to pivot whenever I had the chance, for on the basketball court a pivot comes in handy. The cake recipe I was using called for vanilla next.

That was on the top shelf of the cupboard. As I jumped up and grabbed the vanilla, I visualized myself getting the tap on a jump ball.

While I was stirring the batter, the cat crawled under my feet. I opened the door, took the cat, and with careful aim shot him through. In my imagination I could see the old ball parting the draperies in a perfect foul shot.

Just one thing happened that wasn't on my

schedule. When pouring my cake batter into the pan, my hand slipped, letting the mixing bowl drop. It smashed into a hundred pieces and the batter dribbled all over the floor. That was clearly a case of broken dribble. I shall have to practice dribbling more.

This is a clear explanation of how I made a cake while practicing basketball.

Who says that one can't do two things at once ? ? ?

D. Cook '31.

SPRING

SPRING is sweeping through the valley,
Bringing birds to sing again;
While their clear melodious music,
Fills the air with sweet refrain.

Spring is sweeping o'er the hillsides,
Rousing brooks to rush with song;
For the frost and ice have vanished,
Which have ruled the brooks so long.

Spring is sweeping o'er the meadows,
Waking flowers from winter sleep;
Urging them to greet the sunlight,
From their drear homes, dark and deep.

Spring is sweeping through the forest,
Thrilling every living thing,
While all nature joins the chorus,
Greeting the return of spring.
Agnes Moczulewski '34.

SPRING

When the sun is bright and round,
And green blades of grass peep from the
ground,
And each bird's song is sweet and gay,
The sun and grass and birds all say,
"It is spring! Is is spring!"

The Blue bird, Robin, Starling, and Sparrow
Thrill at the sight of a farmer and harrow;
The new-turned sod scents the crisp morning
air,
As across the fields runs old Mother Hare
To tell her young ones that the birds sing,
"It is spring! Is is spring!"

When the farmer plants tiny seed in rows,
And strong young boys wield their sturdy
hoes,
And buds on the trees begin to appear,
The whole world joins in the song of cheer,
"It is spring! Is is spring!"
Esther M. Searle '33.

The Scrap Book

WE were pleasantly surprised one December morning by Irving Johnson who gave a story of his trip aboard the Shamrock V and his experiences around Cape Horn. His films also proved to be both instructive and entertaining. Irving certainly had some thrilling experiences. We are pleased to know that Irving is making good on the high seas and we wish him the best of luck for the future.

Friday afternoon Dec. 19 the pupils of Hopkins assembled in the Gymnasium for a short program of Christmas carols. Mrs.

Reed directed the singing. The Latin classes sang "Adeste Fideles". The Sophomore girls followed with the song "The Birthday of a King." The Seniors sang "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen." The Freshmen in a chorus sang "O Come Let Us Adore Him". The program concluded with the following songs: "Silent Night", "I Saw Three Ships", "Good King Wenceslas", "We Three Kings", "The First Noel", and "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear".

Rita M. Pelissier.

THE Juniors are continuing their series of dancing classes, which they started last year, under the leadership of their class advisor, Miss Keefe. The classes have been held in the gym after school, the Old Mill orchestra furnishing the music. Although the classes are conducted primarily for the benefit of those who wish to learn to dance, many who already know how come to enjoy themselves, too; for there is fun mixed with the classes. We feel that an afternoon at dancing class is spent to good advantage.

DEAR Carbuncle:

I've owed you a letter for a long time, old top, but I just had to wait until the big event was over, namely the Junior Social. It happened the evening of the 19th of December.

Oh! really! it was a wow. I went with my new boy friend, and that didn't spoil it any. We arrived just as the curtain went up on a one-act play. The name of the play was "Forty Miles an Hour." And it sure was fast, all right, all right. You'd be surprised at the talent shown by the Junior actors and actresses.

Immediately after this they presented a patomine. This was given with much gusto!

They had a "Twilight Sing" which was followed by "Here Comes The Sun".

Then the chairs were cleared away so we could do the light fantastic. I now had my big triumph, for my Romeo was a marvelous dancer. To add to the effect, a piece of mistletoe was hanging from the ceiling. Not many took advantage of it, however.

Refreshments were served during intermission.

Several guessing contests were carried on during the course of the evening.

The orchestra ceased to function about eleven-thirty, thereby ending a very pleasant evening.

Yours without rouge,
Patty Boyle.

THE evening after Christmas the gym was filled with students and alumni of Hopkins Academy for the Annual Alumni Game and Dance.

The game was very interesting all the way through as the score was tied a number of times. The final whistle blew with Hopkins leading by one point.

After the game, dancing was enjoyed by

everyone. Even those who didn't dance could listen to the Full Moon Orchestra.

At a quarter of twelve the orchestra ceased to function, ending a very enjoyable evening.

WHAT could be sweeter than a clear, crisp, snappy night, with the stars shinning out bravely and the grand old New England moon smiling down upon the earth, and a happy crowd of young people out sleigh-riding?

The Junior class, with Miss Keefe and Miss Hoskins, started the ball a-rolling when on New Year's Eve they embarked in Ossie West's sleigh on a grand and glorious ride towards South Amherst and back again. Later refreshments and dancing were enjoyed at the cottage.

The Sophomores were next in line. On the eve of Jan. 22 they rolled off for remote regions with Searle's team. The members of this expedition had a very enjoyable evening. They returned to the Principal's home where they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Reed with refreshments and moving pictures.

On the evening of Feb. 3, the Seniors and Freshmen at last fared forth for their outings.

The Seniors developed a new method, when with Miss Hoskins and Miss Keefe, they packed themselves in Barstow's truck and rolled out for parts unknown. They were later royally entertained by a bounteous sup-

ON February 13th the Sophomores held their annual social. On entering the gymnasium one would surely know that Valentine's Day was near. Hearts hung from the ceiling, basketball hoops and every other conceivable place.

A three act play, "Not A Man In The House," was first presented. Following this a Valentine play was put on. During this play Mary Wanczyk sang "Down the River of Golden Dreams." The class as a whole sang several songs. Among their selections were, "Little Things In Life," Moonlight on the River Colorado," and "Betty Co-ed" with the solo part sung by Esther Searle.

Dancing and Paul Jones followed. Valentines were sold during the evening's entertainment.

For refreshments ice cream, marshmallows and candy hearts were served.

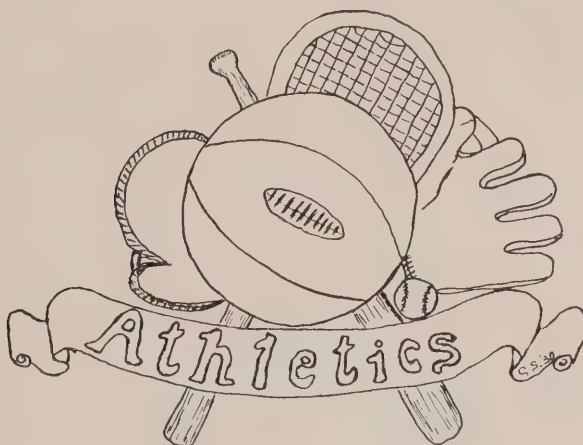
I'm sure this social put many into the right mood for St. Valentine's Day.



Boys' Basket Ball Team: back row, left to right; John Bemben, Tom Roberts, Mike Pekala, Captain Sam Wentzel, Tony Tenanes, Roger Barstow and Manager Paul Searle; front row, same order, Charles Kulikowski, Joe Martula, M. A. C. trophy for Sportsmanship, Phil Reed, Mike Bemben.



Girls' Basketball Team, back row left to right, Evelyn Day, Felicia Poklewski, Catherine Jakubek, Miss Keefe, coach; front row, same order, Anna Martula, Catherine Roberts, Captain Dorothy Cook, Ruth Pelissier, Anna Baj.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls organized their basketball work early in December and soon a series of inter-class games were in progress. The Juniors won the series.

Varsity trimmed the Alumni in a snappy game with a score of 25-14. With such a start the Varsity took the Cooley-Dickinson Nurses into camp to the tune of 23-16. In the return game with the Nurses, girls' rules were used which proved disastrous to the Hopkins team and they suffered an 18-10 defeat.

Hatfield journeyed across the river and were surprised with a 50-9 score. The Hopkins rooters were given a chance to see how girls can play boys rules and like them. Accurate passwork and shooting accounted for the high score. As their last game of the season Hopkins played a return game at Hatfield and were victorious. The score was close, 17-16.

We started the basket ball season with several ambitions. We hoped to maintain the excellent record for good sportsmanship which Hopkins teams have made in the past; we hoped that the Hampshire League championship would be ours, and that we would be invited to the Massachusetts Agricultural College tournament. We did not realize all of our hopes and ambitions, but we did win more than our share of honors.

When the suits were turned in for the last time to Mr. Brown and we took account of the season's work, we had much to be thankful for. We had reason to feel that the boys

had maintained the reputation for rugged, clean basket ball for which Hopkins is noted. We did not win the Hampshire League championship, but we were in second place, a game behind the two-time champions, Amherst high school. The league champions were the only team to defeat us in the league contests. They won from us twice; once by one point and the other time by five points. We earned an invitation to the M. A. C. tournament where the boys won their way to the finals and were the runners-up, Adams high school defeating us to win the championship. Captain Lawrence Wentzel at the time we closed our season was the leading high school scorer in the western part of the state. "Sam" was also chosen as the player most valuable to his team at the tournament and received a trophy. Joe Martula was chosen as guard on the all-tournament and received a watch charm. Each of the ten players and manager, Paul Searle, received a silver basket ball and last, and to many what is most important of all, Hopkins was awarded the sportsmanship trophy at the tournament. The team, school and town all share in the winning of this much coveted honor for conduct of school. Hadley crowd, as well as the conduct of the players, was considered by the committee of award. All-in-all it was a glorious season with a few disappointments but chuck full of thrilling games, and honor for players, school and town.

Prospects looked good at the start. Graduation had depleted our ranks considerably. John Murphy, Tom Jekanoski and Stanley

Doskotz, regulars on the 1930 team, were graduated in June. But we had in Captain Sam Wentzel, Joe Martula, Roger Barstow and Tony Tenanes four veterans of proven ability and a number of boys who had seen considerable experience on the second team, had added weight and height during a year and were ready and anxious to show what they could do. Charles Kulikowski, Stanley Niksa, Mike Bemben, Phil Reed and Tom Roberts gave plenty of evidence in the inter-class games played in early December that they could be counted on.

Sam proved one of the best Hopkins leader we have had. Although a marked player he scored high from the start and all through the season and was one of the best floor men and passers in high school basket ball. Joe Martula, with the same spirit and determination that has characterized all of his athletic work, added more polish and better timing to his playing with the result that he was considered at the end of the season one of the best guards in high school basket ball. Joe and Sam were picked by many for all-league, all-tournament and all-valley selections. Roger Barstow was always given the tough assignment at center or guard and could have filled in with credit at forward. He was always best against big, aggressive players and at all times exhibited a fighting spirit and a willingness to play wherever he was needed the most that was most commendable. Tony Tenanes, who has been elected to captain the 1932 team was ranked with the best all-around guards of the valley. He is certain to make a fine leader. All of the boys did their part to help Hopkins win many games. As the season advanced several players on the second team with Mr. Brown's assistance, overcame certain weaknesses in play and before the league season closed were given an opportunity to play on the first team. Two of these boys, John Bemben and Mike Pekala were on the squad which represented our school at the tournament. Johnny was a starting forward at the tournament and was next to Sam the high scorer of the tournament. Mike saw service in two tournament games. Paul Searle took his duties as manager seriously and gave close attention to the needs of the players. Thanks to Mr. Brown's new storage room for athletic equipment, Paul was always able to have all equipment in excellent condition and ready.

Our season's record follows: Holyoke high

school 17, Hopkins 9; Hopkins 25, Monson high school 14; St. Michael's 30, Hopkins 12; Y. Juniors 28, Hopkins 15; Hopkins 23, Alumni 22; Hopkins 33, Arms 15; Hopkins 24, Deerfield high school 15; Hopkins 22, Williston Academy 21; Easthampton high school 33, Hopkins 22; Hopkins 28, Arms 25; Hopkins 37, Smith's School 17; Hopkins 34, Smith Academy 20; Amherst high school 14, Hopkins 13; Hopkins 21, Deerfield high school 19; Amherst high school 21, Hopkins 16; St. Michael's 39, Hopkins 35; Hopkins 41, Smith's School 24; Hopkins 33, Smith Academy, 25; Easthampton high school 28, Hopkins 13; tournament games, Hopkins 25, Ludlow high school 15; Hopkins 17, Agawam high school 9; Adams high school 25, Hopkins 15.

Enthusiastic Athletic Association Meeting, March 20.

The annual spring meeting of the Hopkins Academy Athletic association was held Friday afternoon. Mary Powers was the secretary of the meeting. Basketball letters were awarded to Captain Lawrence Wentzel, manager, Paul Searle, Joe Martula, Roger Barstow, Charles Kulikowski, Philip Reed, Thomas Roberts, Anthony Tenanes, Michael Bemben and John Bemben. Girls to receive the basketball letter are: Captain Dorothy Cook, Manager Ruth Pelissier, Evelyn Day, Anna Baj, Anna Martula, Catherine Jakubek, Catherine Roberts and Felicia Poklewski. Tony Tenanes was elected by his teammates to lead the 1932 basketball team. Tony paired with Joe Martula to make one of the best pair of high school guards in the valley. He played the anchor position much of the time, but can do his share of scoring when he takes over the duties of running guard. He is the aggressive, alert type of player who will make a fine leader. Cedric Gouger was elected to manage the 1932 team. The girls chose Anna Baj, their high scoring, clever forward, for next year's captain, and Anna Martula, one of the best girl guards to be found anywhere, to manage next season's team. Mike Bemben, fast and clever front line player, was elected to captain this fall's soccer team and John Calahan was elected manager.

The official presentation to the school of the Sportsmanship trophy, won at the M. A. C. tournament, was made. This trophy will be in the possession of the school for a year.

Talks were given by members of the basketball teams and members of the faculty. Coach Brown of the baseball team told of plans for the coming season and Manager Charles Kulikowski reported on the making of the schedule which is now nearly complete. The meeting was one of the most enthusiastic the association has ever had with stirring and stim-

ulating talks given by captains, managers and players. The members of the basketball team which did so well at the tournament were given rousing ovations and the members of the girls' team and their coach, Miss Katherine Keefe, were also received with enthusiasm. Their record was one of the best the girls have ever made.

We
Mariner



This
Varns

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Get Going From one class to another
Little Things in Life

Eddie Bak & Eddie Wennerstrom

I Love You So Much Latin

Happy Days Are Here Again Exams

Whispering Main Room

Dear Old Pal of Mine Ancient History

Moaning Low After French assignment

I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling

Walking on Ice

Three Little Words No School Tomorrow

Let's Get Together and do Math

A Cheerful Little Earful

No assignment for Monday

Sing Something Simple Senior French Class

Just A Little Closer

When the Freshmen come up for Assembly

Bye Bye Blues Vacation

You're Simply Delish

Household Arts Lunches

You're Driving Me Crazy All Studies

The Song of the Birds From the Annex

Blue Again Report Cards are out

Ain't Misbehavin' Sam Wentzel

Mike Bemben—My girl doesn't understand me, does yours?

Tom Roberts—I don't know, I never heard her mention your name.

We wonder why:

Ruth Pelissier is so quiet?

Freshmen like back seats in the main room?

Stanley Niksa studies so much?

"Ev"Day sings so loud?

Sophomores never talk about themselves?

Ahem!

Tony Tenanes stays up in the Main Room so much?

Peg Reardon likes College Entrance Books?

The one who wrote this is running around loose?

Seniors like to study in the library?

Paul Searle has so little to say?

"Sam" Wentzel is late for basketball practice?

Why certain senior girls like to go to Forbes Library?

Miss Cook—What does panorama mean?

Pupil—I don't know, but I know what a "panercookies" are!

Miss Scott—"Can any of you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Slightly overweight (in undertone)—"I don't know, or I'd take some myself."

Miss Hoskins in H. H. Arts—Never break your crackers or roll in your soup.

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Hatfield boy—When I hit a fellow, he knows it.

"Sam" Wentzel—Big boy when I hit a fellow he doesn't know it till a week after.

Why is Bertha Kowal disappointed?
Oh she wrote for a Congressional Record.
Well what's strange about that?
She thought it was something she could play on the phonograph.

Mr. Brown to Aggie Student—"Why don't you put 'Wet Paint' on the door?"
Aggie Student—"I did."

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Should show regards to their gray hair.
And should in manner kind and meek
Let 'em use the car one night a week.

Cheer leader excitedly—Come on now, all
together. 1-2-3-4—Say, what's the matter,
don't you know your alphabet?

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Joe Martula in English Class—I lost my English Book.

Mrs. Reed—I've been using one I found.

Joe Martula—I had my name in my book.

Voice in the back—Well, no one could read it.

One jailbird to another—Just think Mike, (by the way this is not Mikey Bemben) if we was outside we'd probably be unemployed.

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Soph: Come on, take a bath and get
cleaned up. I'll get you a date.

Frosh (cautiously): Yeh, and sup-
pose you don't get the date?

"I hate that chap," quoth the lov-
able girl, as she rubbed cold cream
on her lips.

